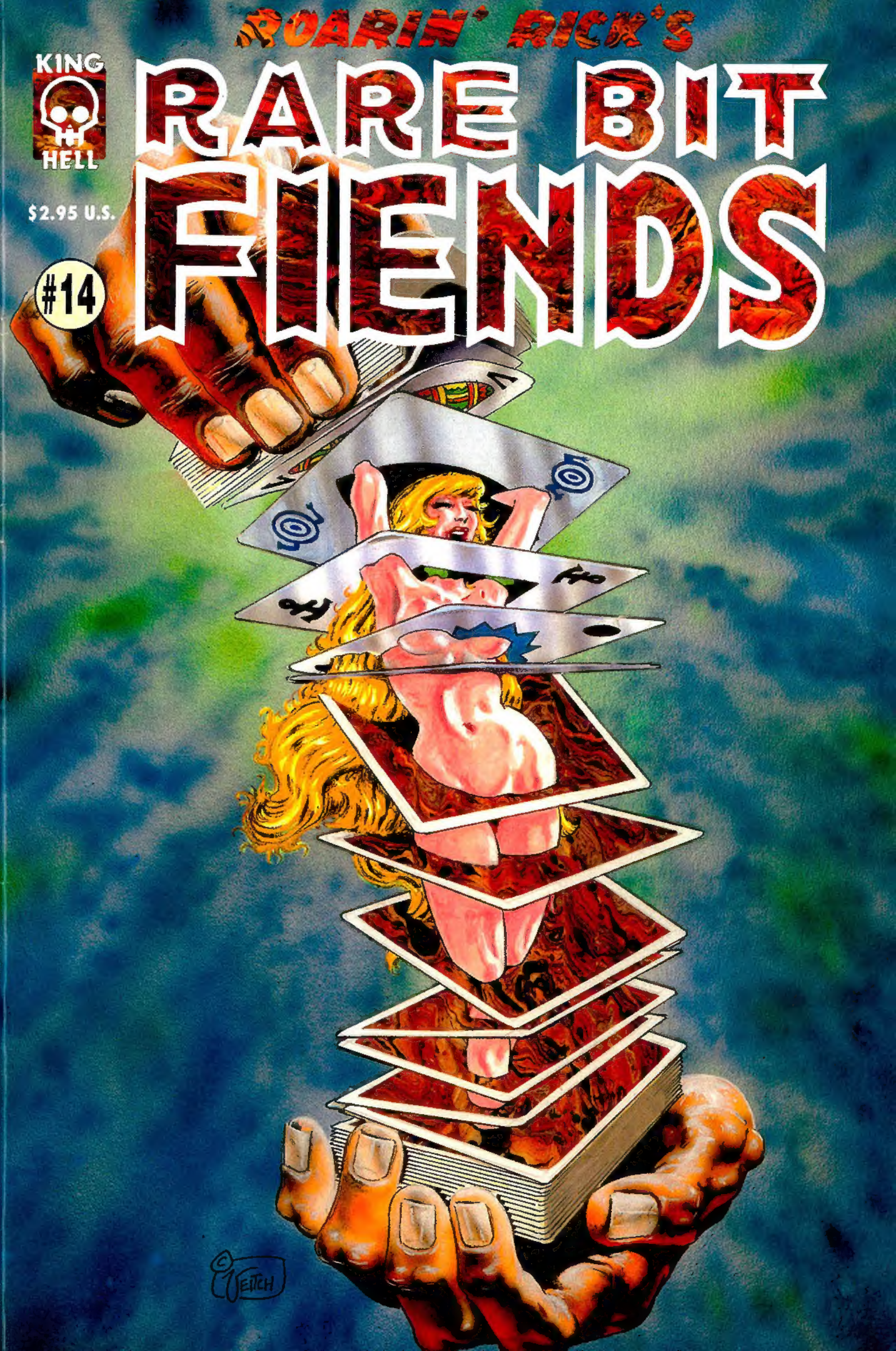
ROARIN' RICK'S

RARE BIT FIENDS

KING HELL

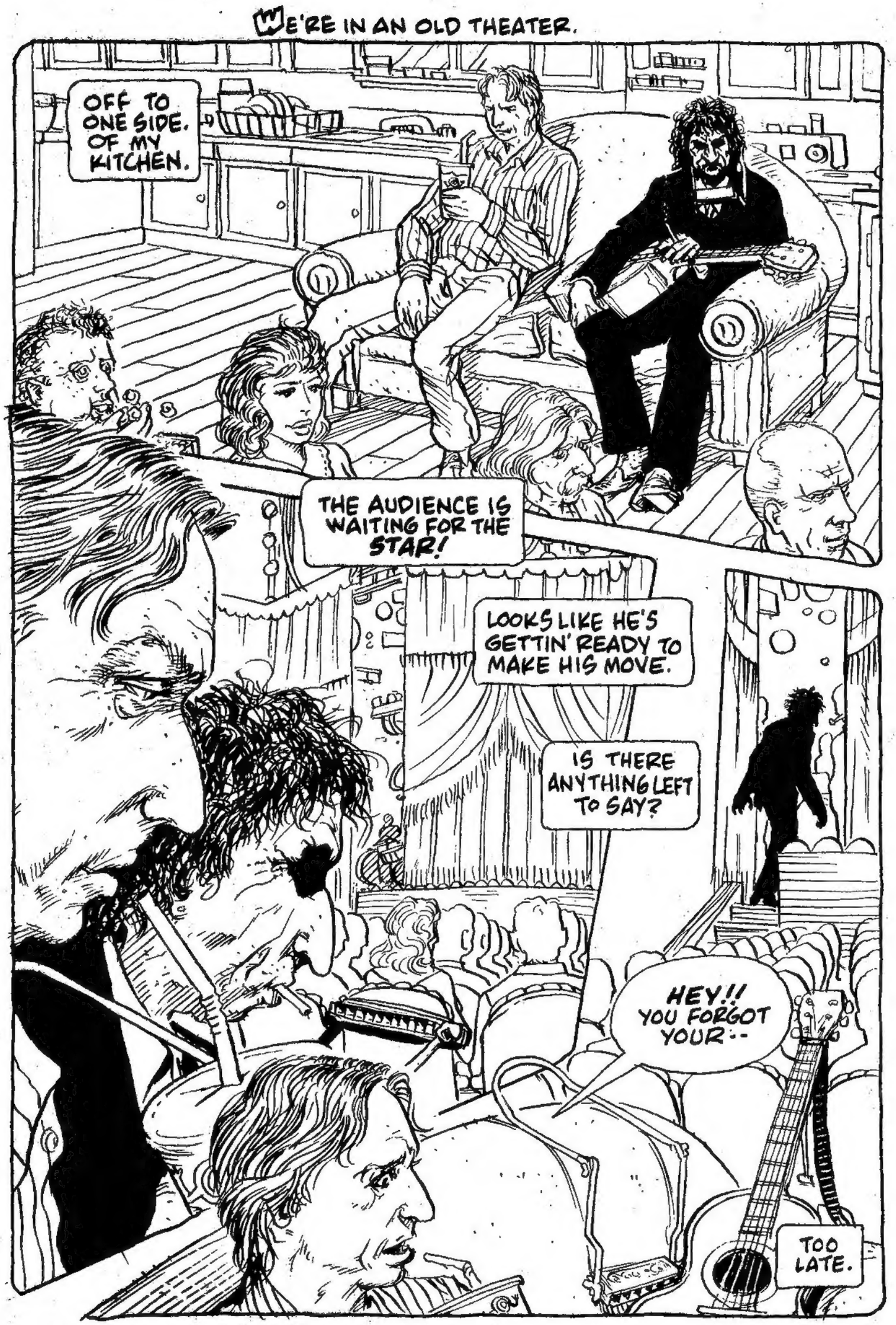
$2.95 U.S.

#14

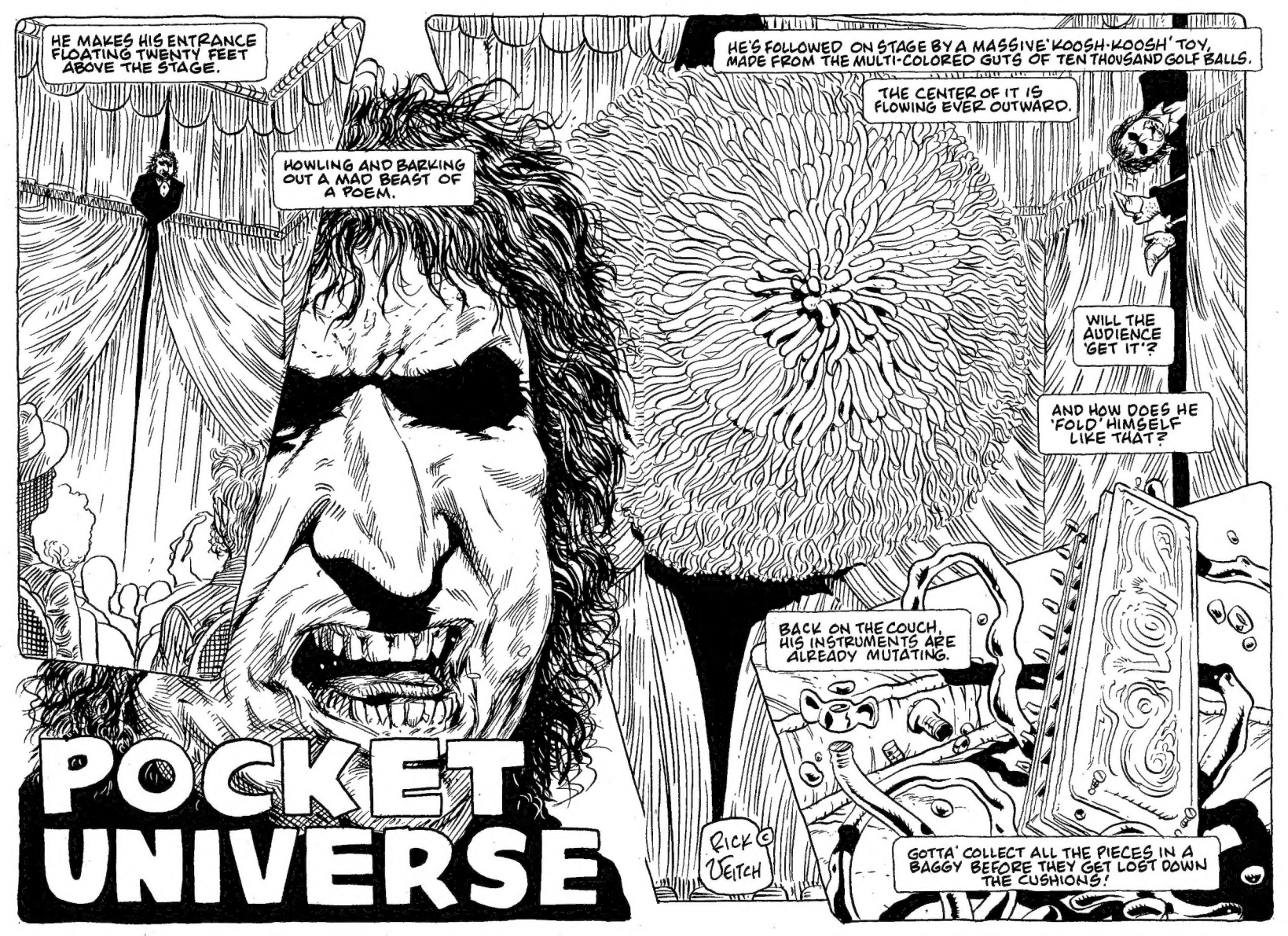


"WE DO NOT sleep merely to live, but to learn to live as well. Sleep offers itself to all; it is an oracle always ready to be our infallible and silent counselor; in these mysteries of a new species, each is at the same time priest and initiate."

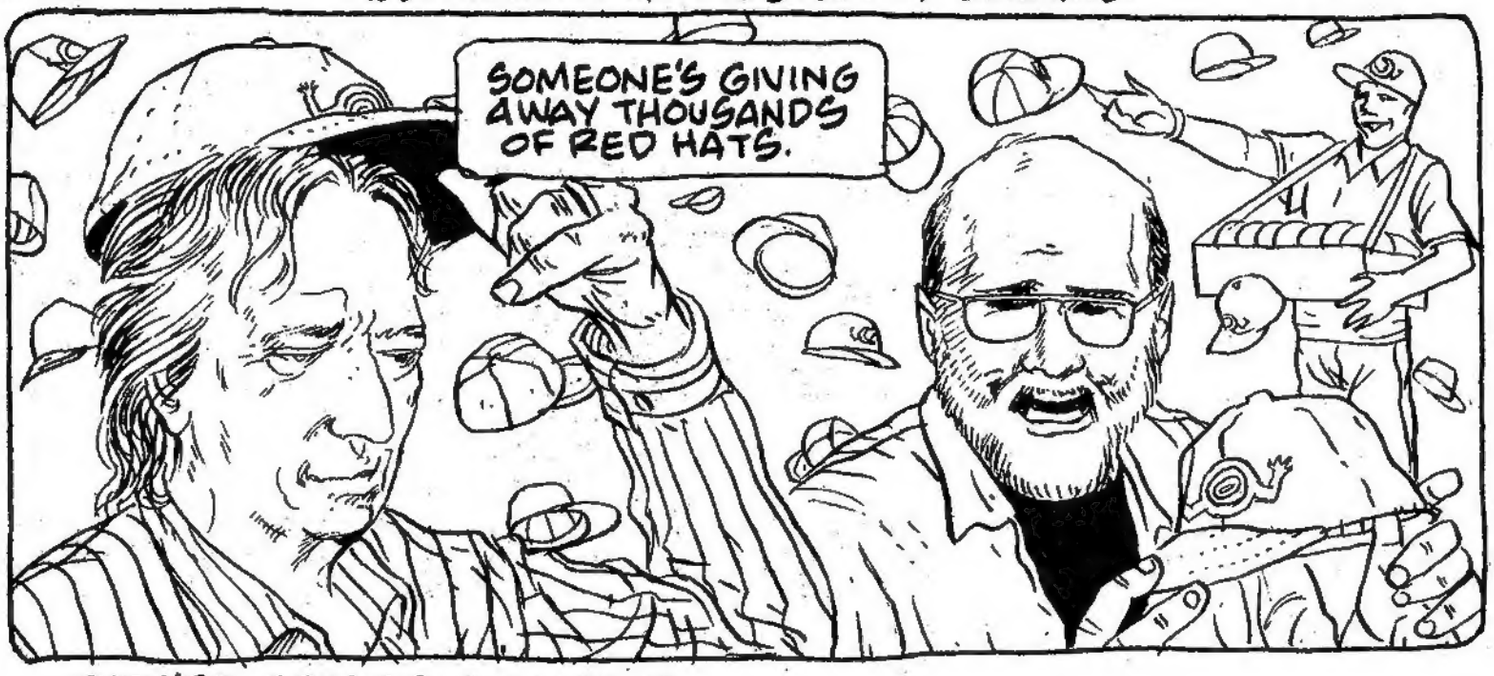
Synesius of Cyrene



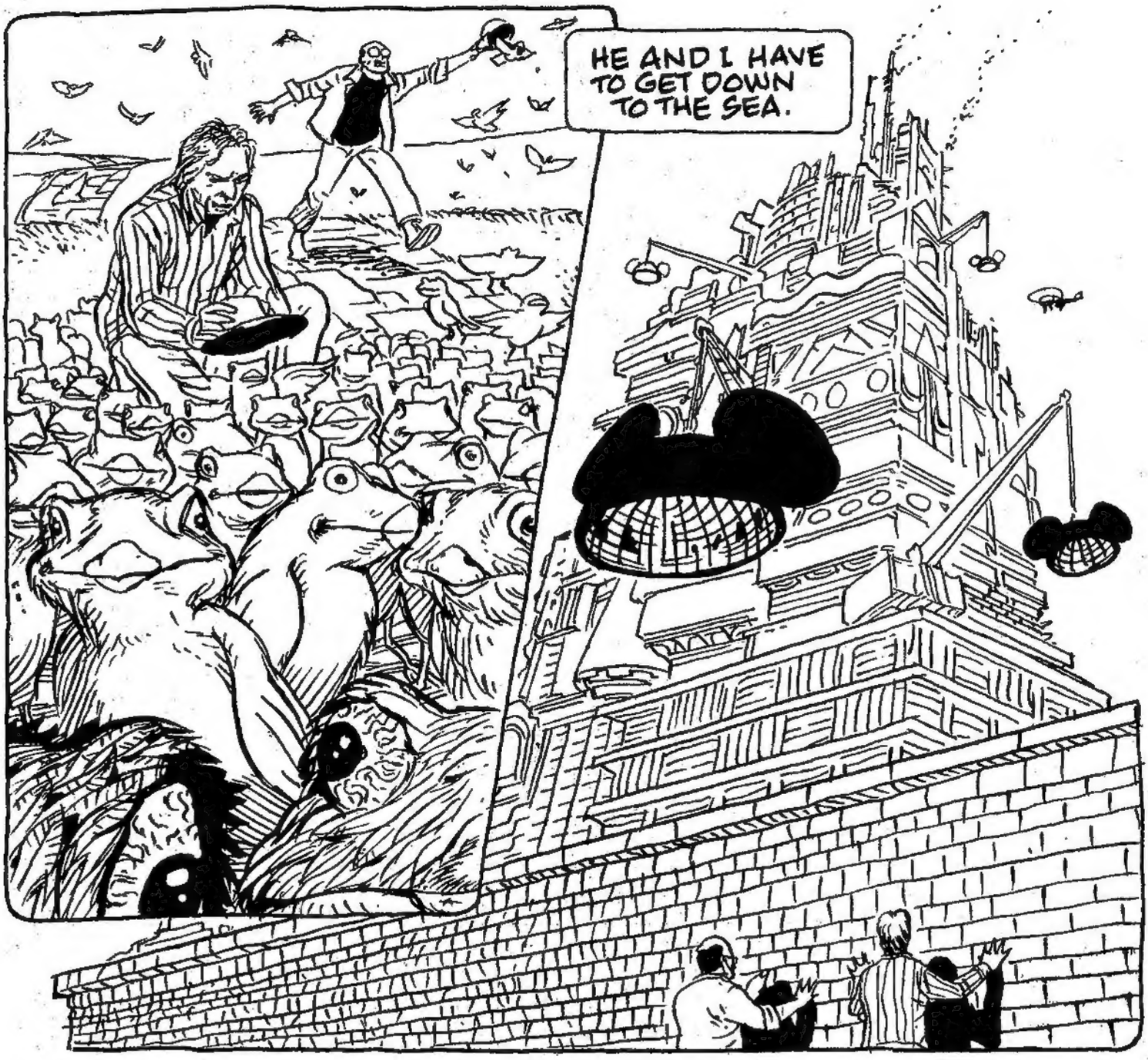
ROARIN' RICK'S RARE BIT FIENDS, No. 14, September, 1995. Published monthly by King Hell Press, PO Box 1371, West Townshend VT 05359-1371. Contents © 1995 respective creators.


HE MAKES HIS ENTRANCE FLOATING TWENTY FEET ABOVE THE STAGE.
HOWLING AND BARKING OUT A MAD BEAST OF A POEM.
HE'S FOLLOWED ON STAGE BY A MASSIVE 'KOOSH-KOOSH' TOY, MADE FROM THE MULTI-COLORED GUTS OF TEN THOUSAND GOLF BALLS.
THE CENTER OF IT IS FLOWING EVER OUTWARD.
WILL THE AUDIENCE 'GET IT'?
AND HOW DOES HE 'FOLD' HIMSELF LIKE THAT?
BACK ON THE COUCH, HIS INSTRUMENTS ARE ALREADY MUTATING.
GOTTA' COLLECT ALL THE PIECES IN A BAGGY BEFORE THEY GET LOST DOWN THE CUSHIONS!
RICK © VEITCH
POCKET UNIVERSE

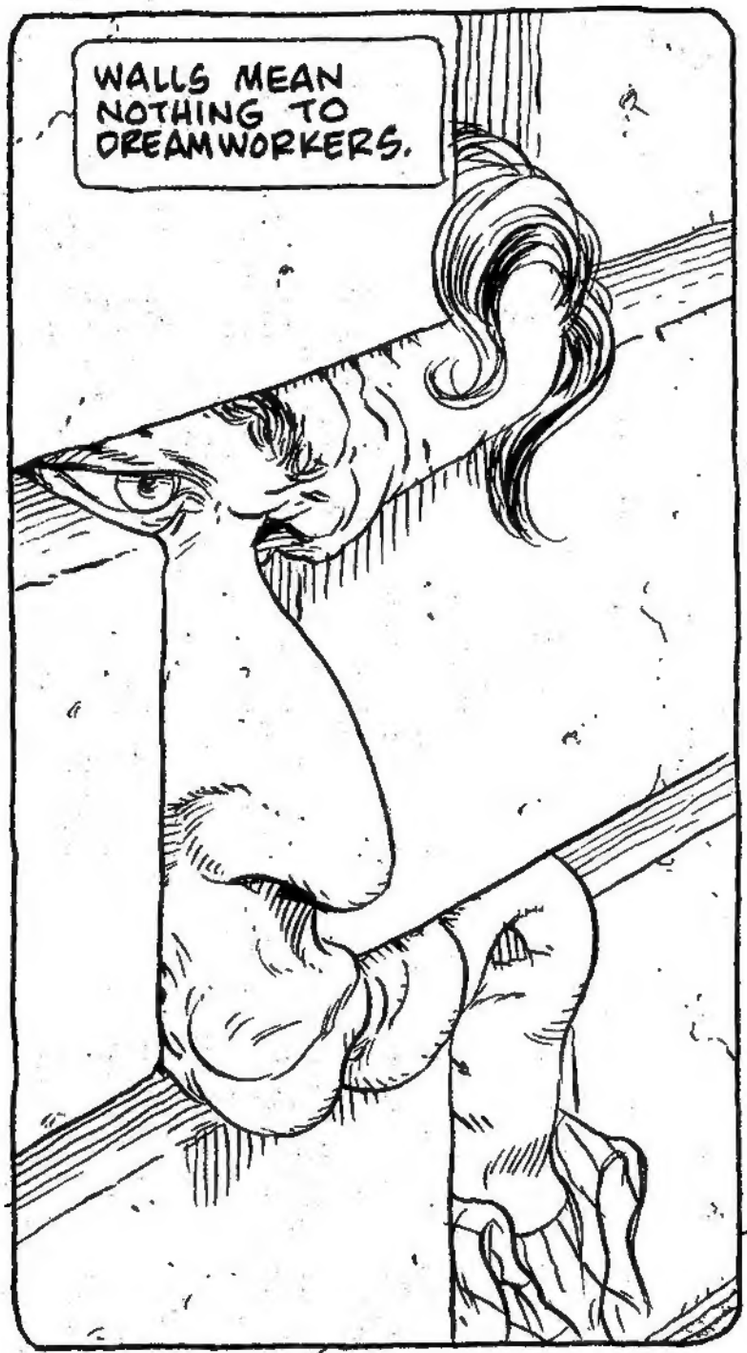
I'M DISCUSSING THE INTRODUCTION TO MY BOOK WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF DREAMS.

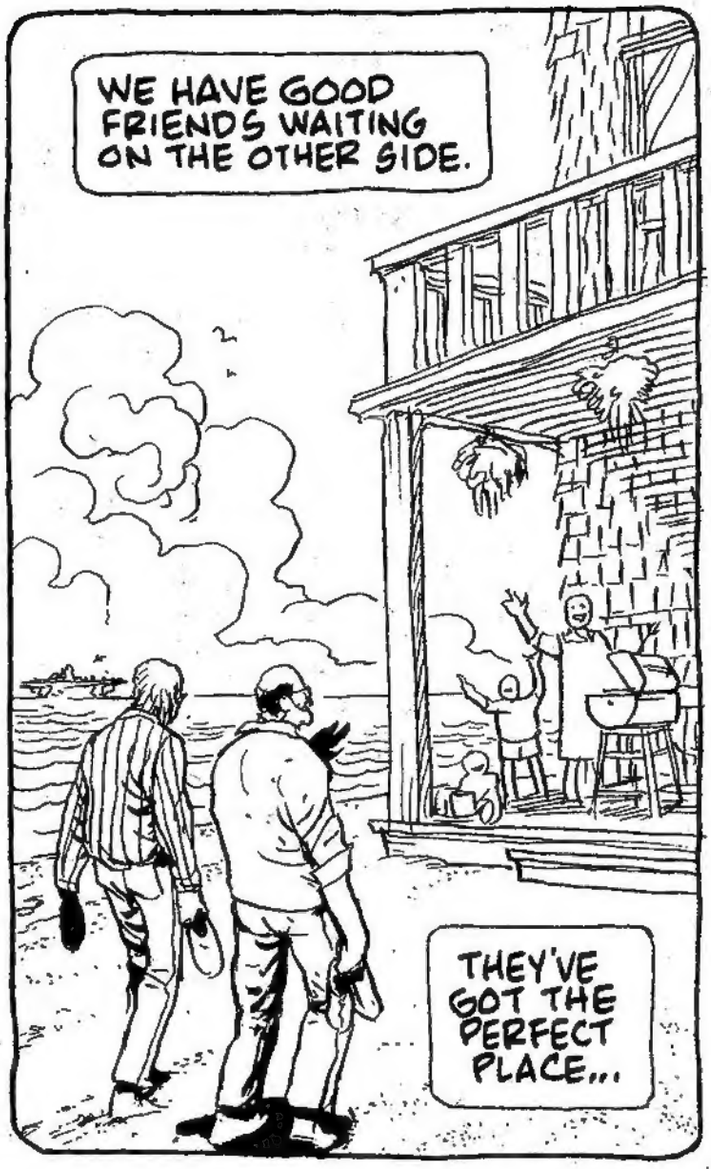


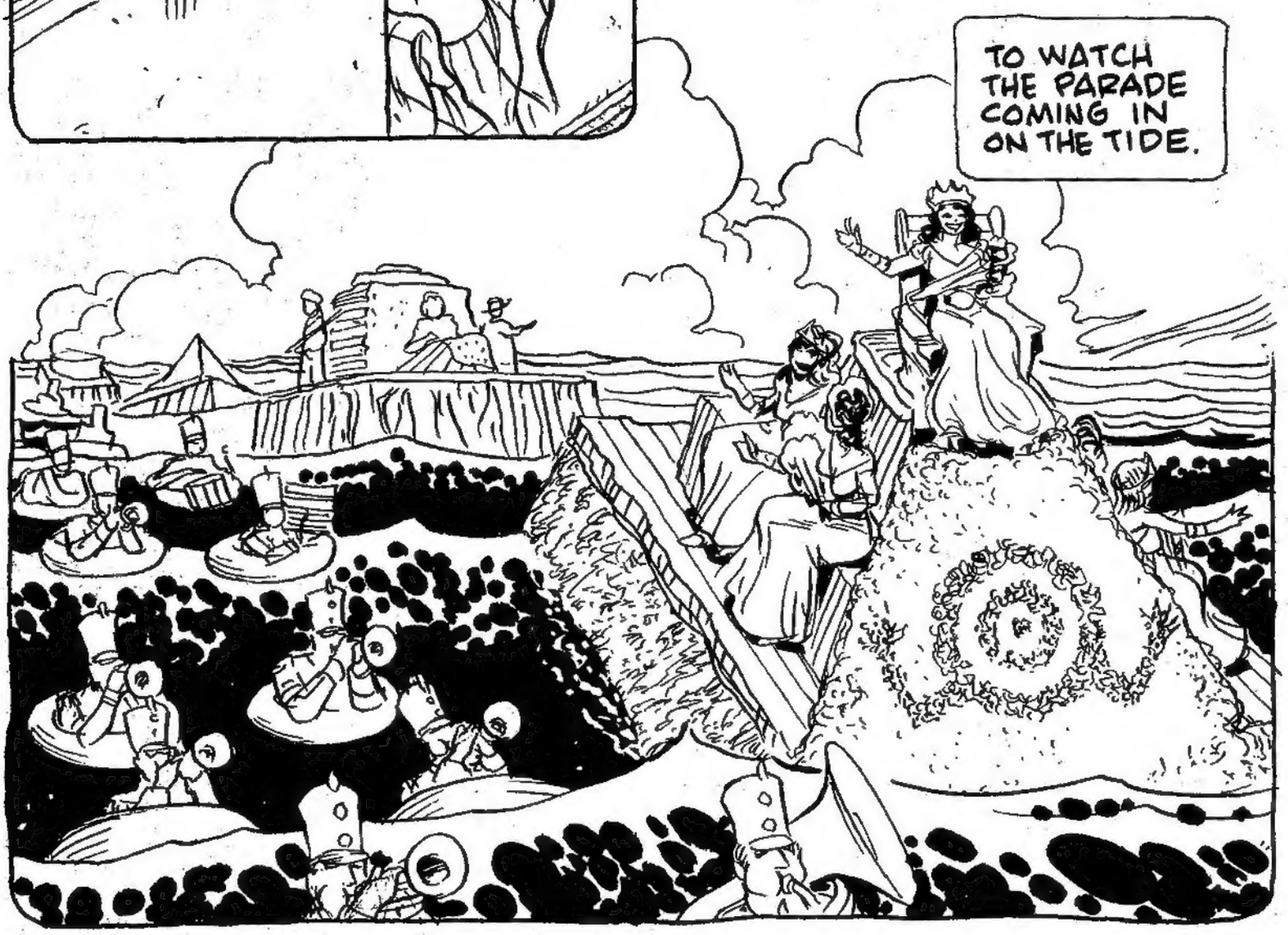
THEY'RE GREAT FOR CATCHING FROG-BIRDS.

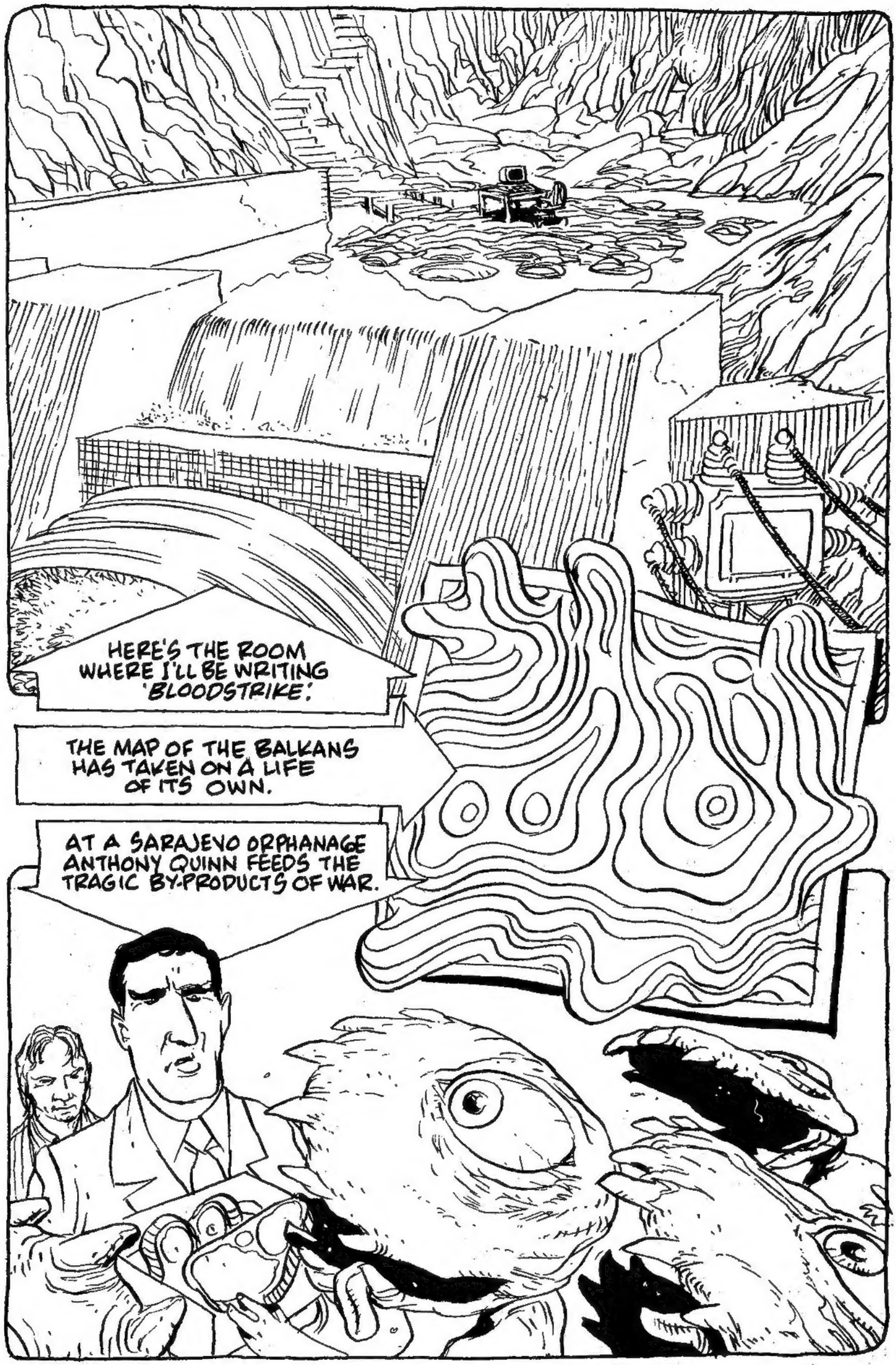


BUT DISNEY IS BUILDING A HUGE THEME PARK THAT CUTS OFF ACCESS TO THE BEACH.

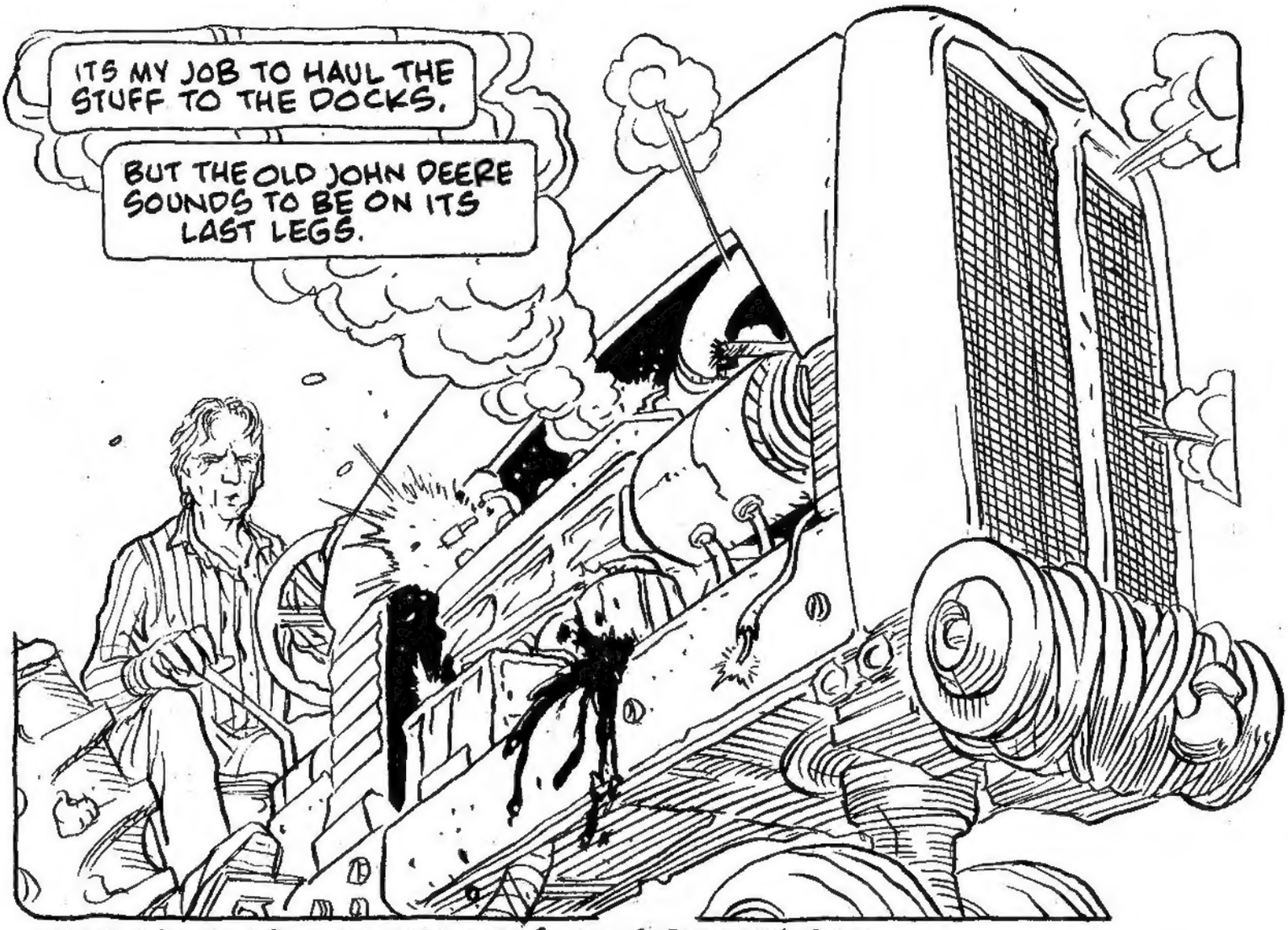

WALLS MEAN NOTHING TO DREAMWORKERS.


WE HAVE GOOD FRIENDS WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE.
THEY'VE GOT THE PERFECT PLACE...

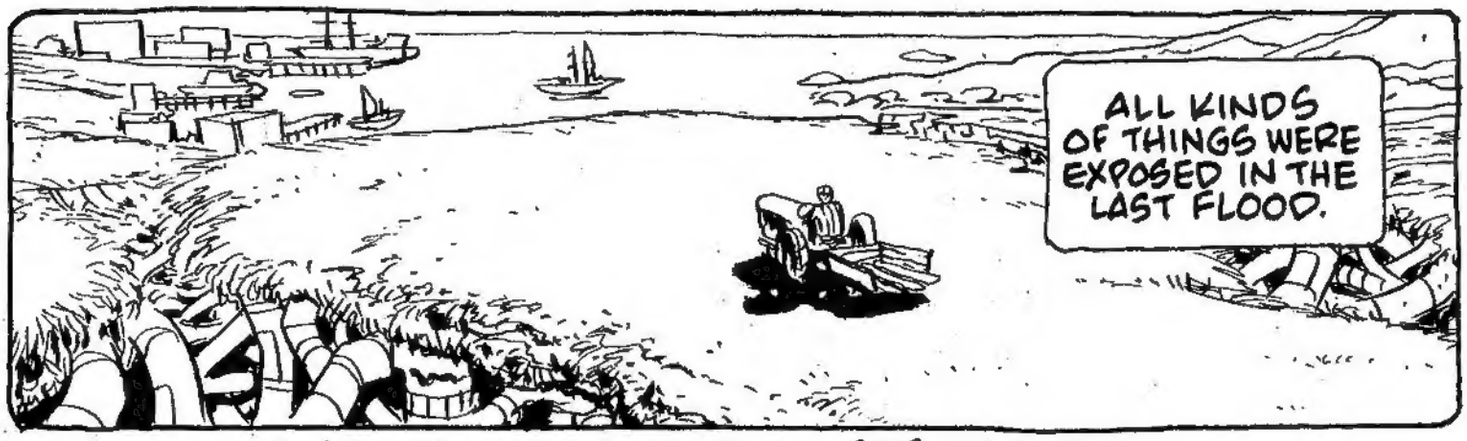

TO WATCH THE PARADE COMING IN ON THE TIDE.


HERE'S THE ROOM WHERE I'LL BE WRITING 'BLOODSTRIKE'.
THE MAP OF THE BALKANS HAS TAKEN ON A LIFE OF ITS OWN.
AT A SARAJEVO ORPHANAGE ANTHONY QUINN FEEDS THE TRAGIC BY-PRODUCTS OF WAR.

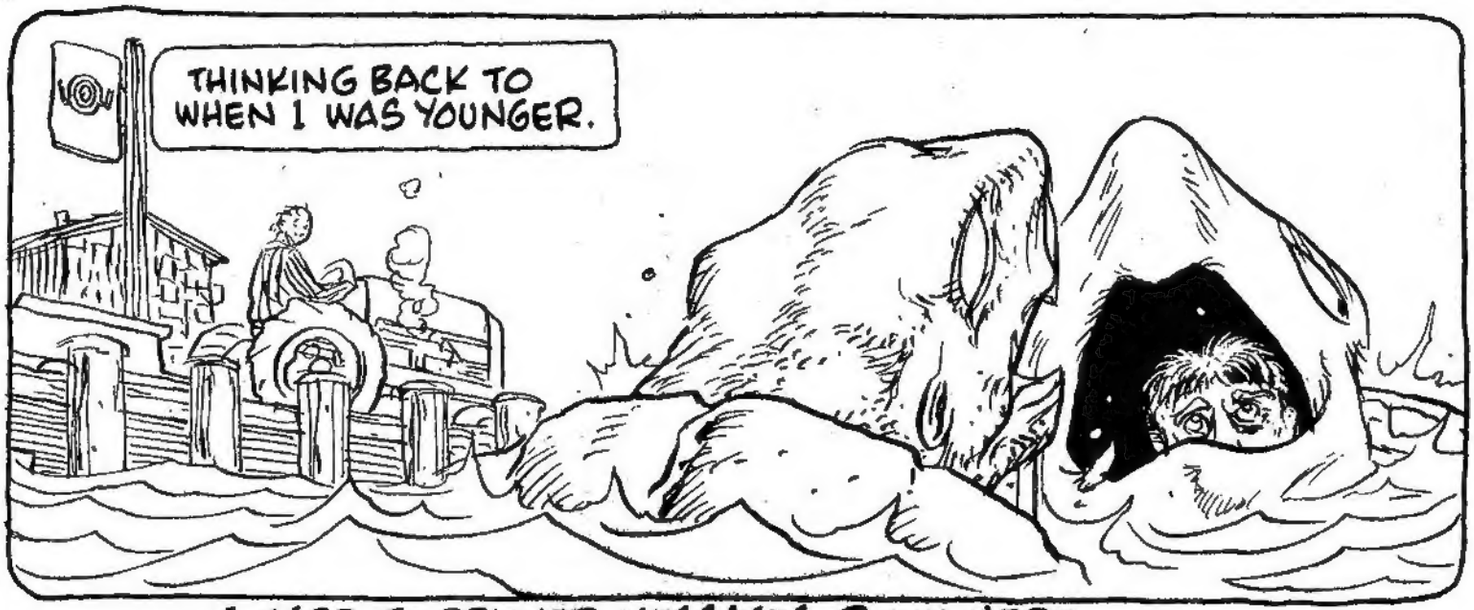
THERE'S THIS KID I'M TRYING TO HELP BREAK INTO COMICS...
HE'S GOT A BIT PART AS A RUNNER IN THE NEW TARANTINO FLICK.
HE PLAYS A NERVOUS TYPE.
HE DRIVES US DEEP INTO THE HALF MOWN FIELDS OUTSIDE THE CITY.
THERE'S A PROBLEM.
IT'S THE OLD FENCEPOSTS.
THEY'VE GROWN RIGHT INTO THE TREES.
IF WE WANT THEM FOR SOUVENIERS...
RRIIIP!
THERE'S NO ALTERNATIVE TO TEARING THEM OUT.



NEAR THE COASTLINE THE EROSION IS PRETTY BAD.



I STOP TO WATCH THE TORTOISES MATING.



I USED TO DELIVER MESSAGES DOWN HERE.

NOW I'M A SHIPPING MAGNATE.

I EVEN OWN THE MAYFLOWER.

I'M SCHEDULED FOR A MEETING WITH SOME PILGRIMS.

THEY WANT TO NEGOTIATE PASSAGE TO THE NEW WORLD.

I'VE GOT SOME SERIOUS DOUBTS ABOUT THEIR CAPTAIN.

THEY WON'T GET FAR WITH THIS GUY...

I TRY TO INTEREST THEM IN THE AQUA-CARS WE HAVE ON SALE.

SUDDENLY, I'M ON A FLYING FORTRESS OVER GERMANY.

ALL THE BATTLE STATIONS ARE MANNED BY SELF PUBLISHERS.

I'M THE BOMBADIER.

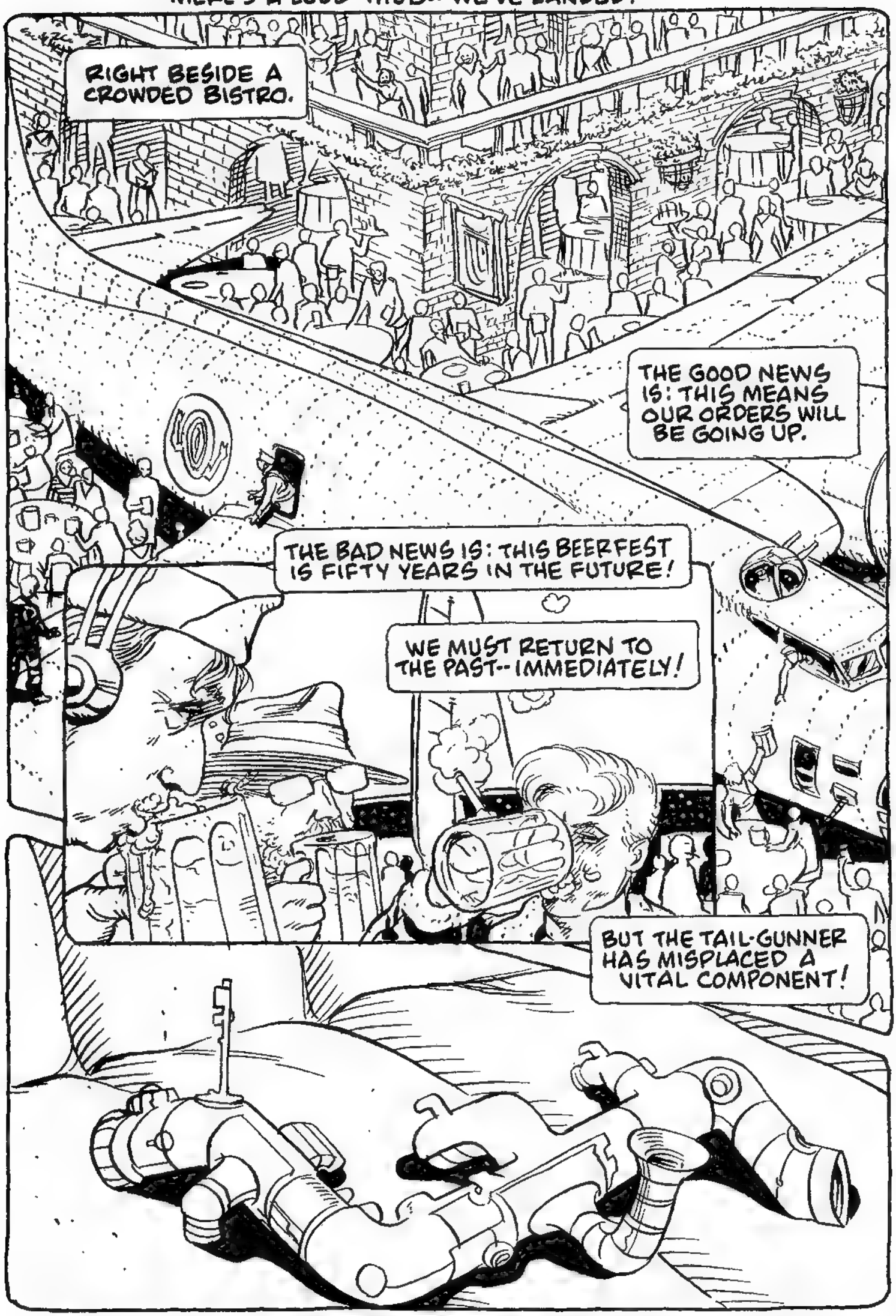
WE'RE PACKIN' A BRAND NEW TYPE OF WEAPON.

ONE THAT WILL END WAR, FOREVER!

WHERE'S THE TAIL-GUNNER?

OH NO! AM I GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN WINGWALKING, TOO?

THERE'S A LOUD THUD-- WE'VE LANDED!



BY SHEER LUCK, I FIND THE MISSING PIECE IN THE BACKSEAT OF A CAB.

AFTER INSTALLING IT, I TAXI THE AIRCRAFT DOWN THE MAIN STREET...

PICKING UP SPEED.

FEED IT PRESSURE.

PULL BACK ON THE STICK.

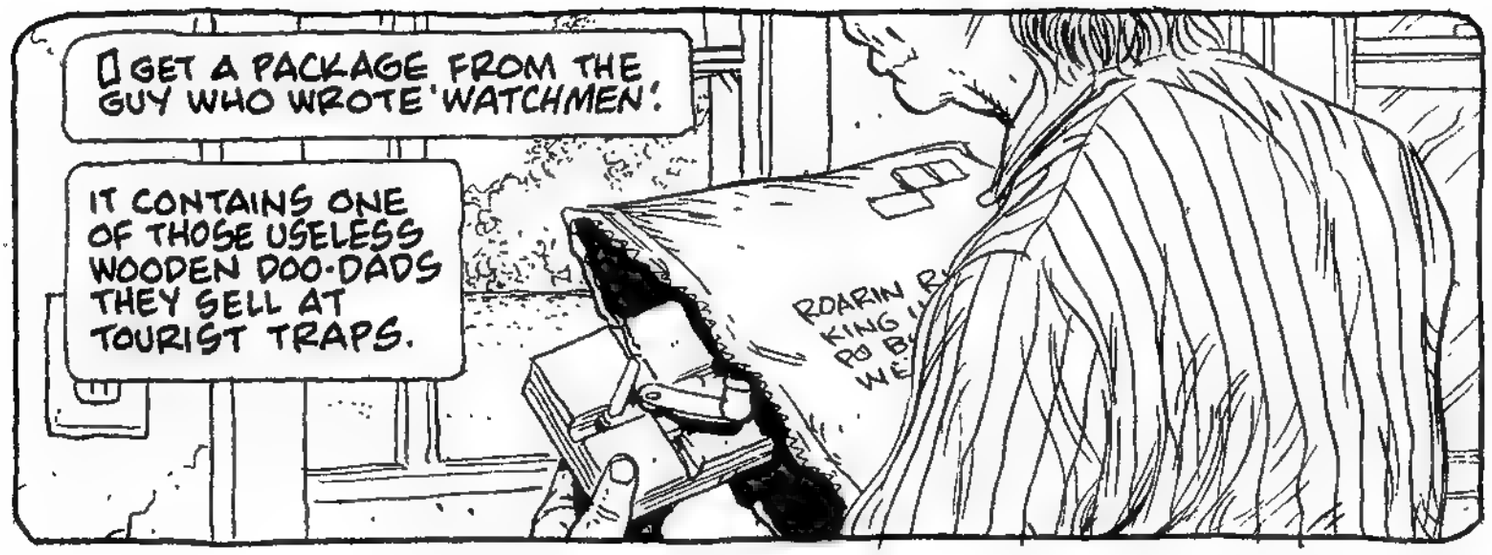
THE LUMBERING B-17 TRANSFORMS INTO A BUCK RODGERS SPACESHIP AS IT LIFTS OFF.

WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT! WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT -- BUT...

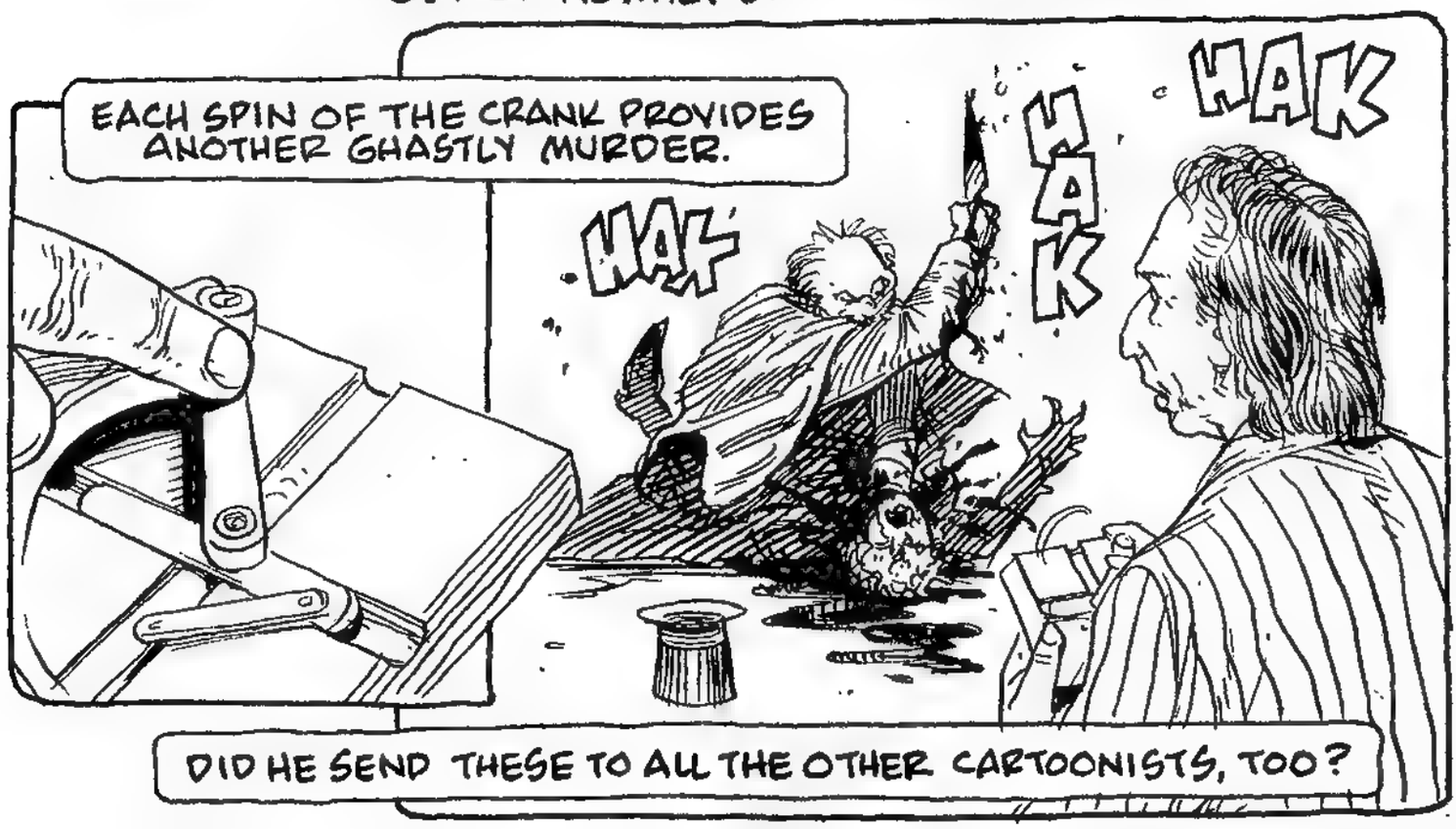
PRESSURE LEAK!

SSPPS

OH, NO! CAN I FIX IT IN TIME?



... A GRISLY SCENE FROM HIS LATEST PROJECT APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE.



THERE'S THE GUY WHO ILLUSTRATES MY SCRIPTS FOR 'TEKNOPHAGE'.
I NEED TO TALK TO HIM!
BUT WHAT'S THAT ON HIS COLLAR?
LOOKS KIND OF DANGEROUS!
I'LL JUST BRUSH IT OFF BEFORE...
JESUS.. ITS FAST!
OH No!
IT'S BURROWED RIGHT UNDER MY SKIN!

GOTTA' GET TO THE HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY.

THE BOHEMIAN DOCTOR WHO LIVES IN THE X-RAY ROOM TELLS ME NOT TO WORRY-- I CAN PUSH IT OUT EASY.

IS HE MY FUTURE SELF?

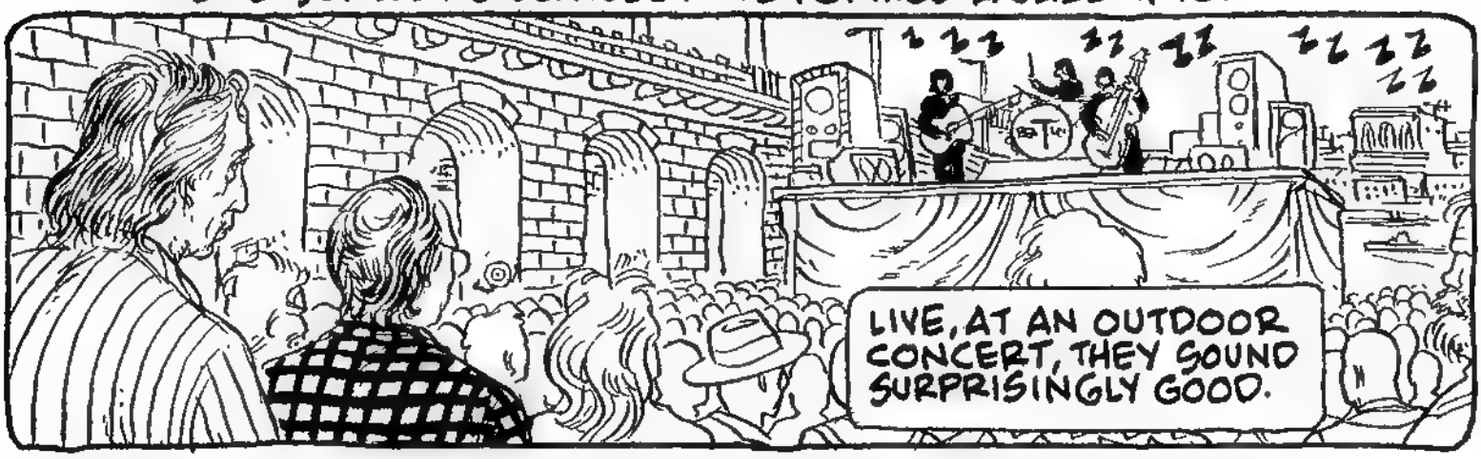
DOESN'T MATTER-- IT'S WORKING!

AS IT'S FORCED, THE WIGGLING CATERPILLAR IS SOMEHOW CHANGED...

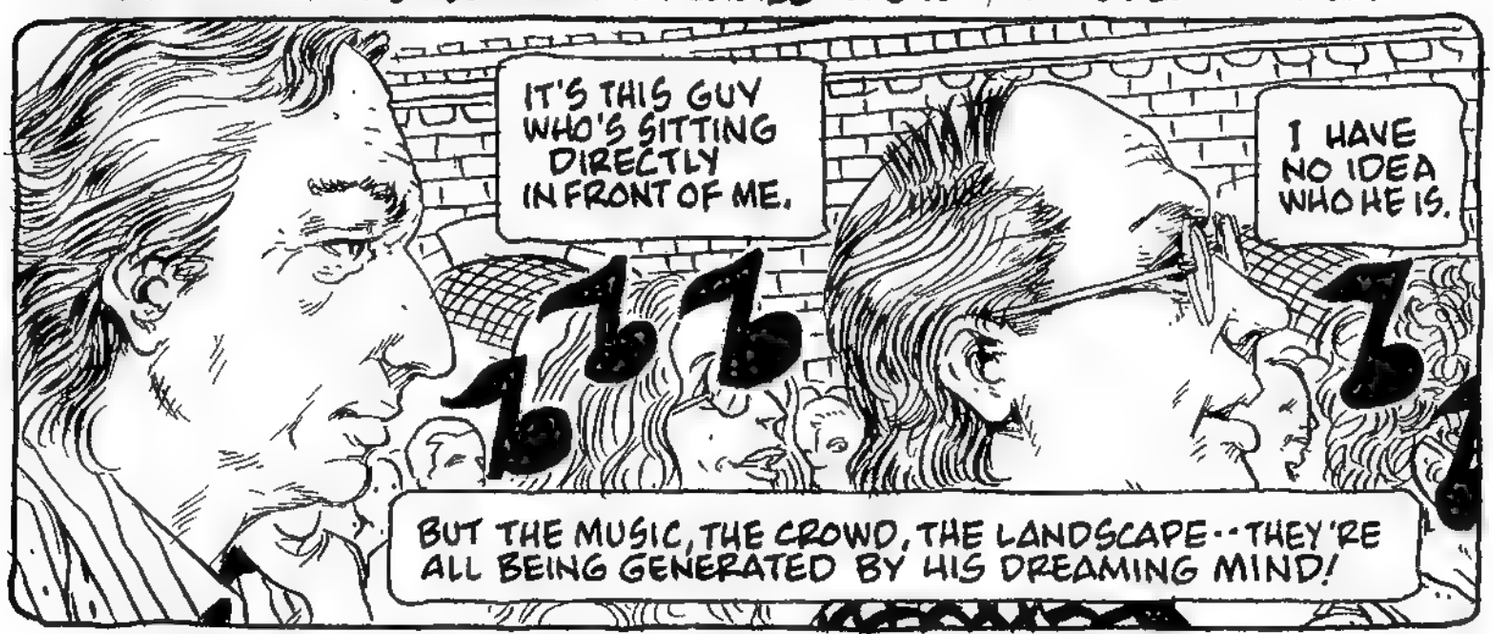
NOW IT'S A BANANA SLUG!

I'LL BE COLLABORATING ON A NEW SERIES WITH MY PRODUCT MANAGER OVER AT ONE OF THE BIG DISTRIBUTORS.

THE SURVIVING BEATLES HAVE FORMED A JAZZ TRIO.



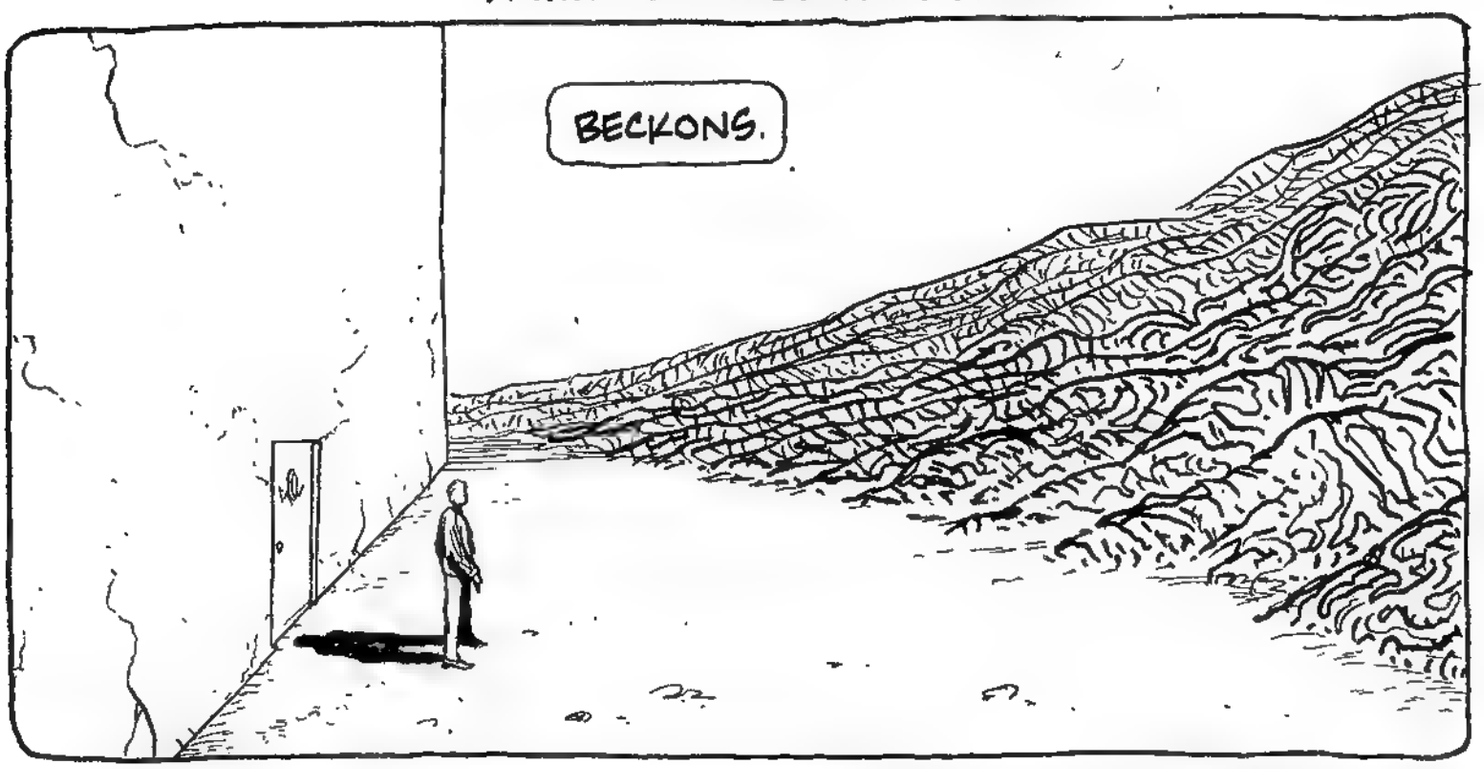
THEY'RE INTO THE FIRST SET WHEN I REALIZE THIS ISN'T MY DREAM AT ALL!



I'LL HAVE TO EXIT BEFORE I BEGIN LEAVING TRACES OF MYSELF OR HE'LL KNOW I'VE BEEN HERE...

LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY PERSON TO FIGURE OUT THIS INVISIBILITY TRICK EITHER.

A WILD TEXTURED LANDSCAPE.



NEXT: CRYPTO ZOO!

LITTLE OMENS

· P.O. BOX 1371 WEST TOWNSHEND VT 05359 ·

Paul B. Rainey
Milton Keynes, UK

Dear Rick Veitch,

I've dug out a Brian The Human Strip I drew towards the end of 1993 which I thought you might be interested in seeing. It's based on a real dream I had but I changed the names of real people to characters I had already created.

I've been chronicling my dreams for about six years, ever since I read a book called A Man Falls Out Of The Aeroplane And Wearing Dad's Head. (I'm afraid I can't remember the authors name, and I lent the book out to a friend three years ago never to see it again. If anyone knows his name, please let me know as I'd love to replace it.) Like you do now, I started by writing down my dreams first thing in the morning. But I soon found myself writing down dreams again that I had had previous nights. I started having dreams about having dreams and waking up first thing in the morning to write them down. In the end I gave that up.

I only record dreams now that I can recall the following day. If I can feel it's tail end wagging away inside my head, then I usually spend a dreary morning at work staring at the PC and trying to pull the rest of it back. Some weeks pass by where I am unable to remember any, other weeks I can recall a dream or two a day.

A woman I know from work believes that when you have a dream you are visiting a real place. I said to her, "does that mean that when I was watching Nick Cotton pistol whipping Graham Dee last night that Nick Cotton was having a dream about pistol whipping Graham Dee with me watching at the same time?" She said, "No, of course not," and called me a stupid man.

A while ago she leant me a couple of dream dictionaries. I didn't read them from cover to cover, but I did look up "onions". They said: cutting onions suggests a great sense of loss whilst eating them means you are concerned about work. (This isn't an accurate quote as, unlike my friend, I returned the books.) Nothing about an onion called Gordon telling you it's his job to upset people.

One story I used to hear a lot was, if you die in a dream then the shock of it kills you in real life. You can imagine my joy when a personal experience disproved this crap. The dream continued after my death. I found myself wandering around a blue sodium forest meeting up with the people who had been brutally murdered earlier. God appeared as a gigantic man (bigger than Galactus) made out of brick. He was covered with windows into the living world. He apologized for the treatment we had experienced to get here. Everyone was happy, or at least relieved, but I was furious at the presumption that we wanted to be here in the first place. All the next waking day, I felt superior to everyone I met because I had lived through that dream.

On occasions, my dreams have supplied me with solutions to plot problems I've had with my comic strips. One time, I had conceived a paranoid's media expose strip that required a narrator. I began by using myself but I felt that this was barely adequate. That night, I dreamed of a black guy dressed in seventies clothes with a giant afro, reciting my strip out loud and referring to himself as Inspector Jive.

On a more recent occasion, I was drawing Memory Man's second story (a comic I hope to start self publishing this year). One of the characters can be described as a menacing tattooist. I had a dream about a tattoo which changes after each night's sleep. Once this had been levered into the strip it made the character more interesting for me.

Coincidentally, two friends and I were talking about the vividness of our dreams. One was a cartoonist, the other a writer. The writing friend seemed envious of the visual power of our dreams and, like your latest issue, suggested that it may be because of the availability of more visual based mediums such as computer games, if there will be a greater number of people frequently experiencing visually vivid dreams.

(Also, is someone who has been blind all their life able to dream visually? Can their subconscious interpret things that they have touched into dream visual clutter? If so, would trees be white and people green? If so, does the world stop an arm's length above head light? Where would the sky start?)

Not so long ago, I began recording my dreams in the style of news reports. It was entertaining to see them take on a life of their own in this format. I thought that I had genuinely been inspired, until I read in Rare Bit Fiends that someone else was already doing it. I intend to print some of these as news reports from Memory Man's home town at the back of each issue. My favourite headlines so far is: Police Roll Giant Spiky Ball Around Room In Search For Evidence! All the best.

CELEBRITY

RARE BIT FIENDS

DREAM ART BY
AL DAVISON

Bogey Man.
WHO'S THAT BEHIND US... SIS!
NO ONE HERE.
AL DAVISON

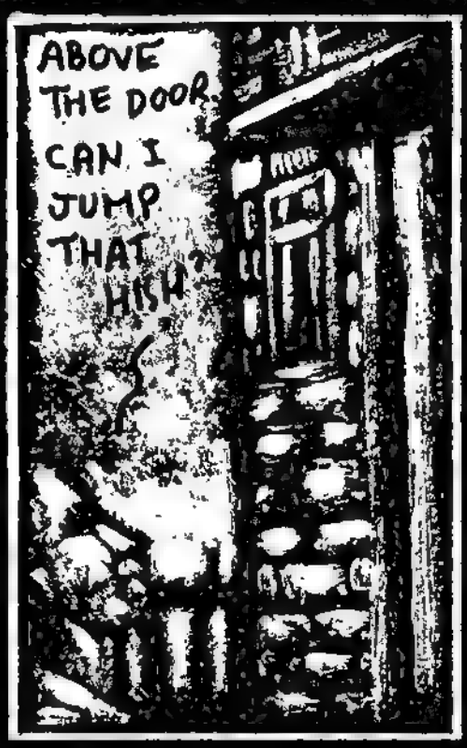
NO... ONE.

COUGH!

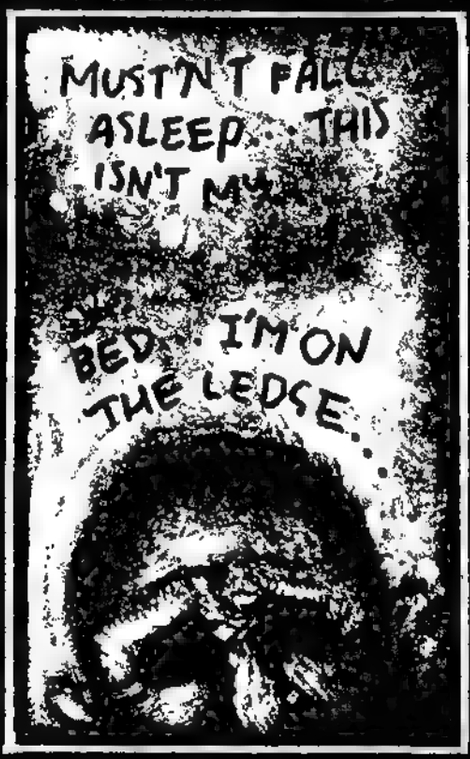
NO...

ONE.

MUST SET UP...
TO MY BEDROOM


ABOVE THE DOOR. CAN I JUMP THAT HIGH?

AHH

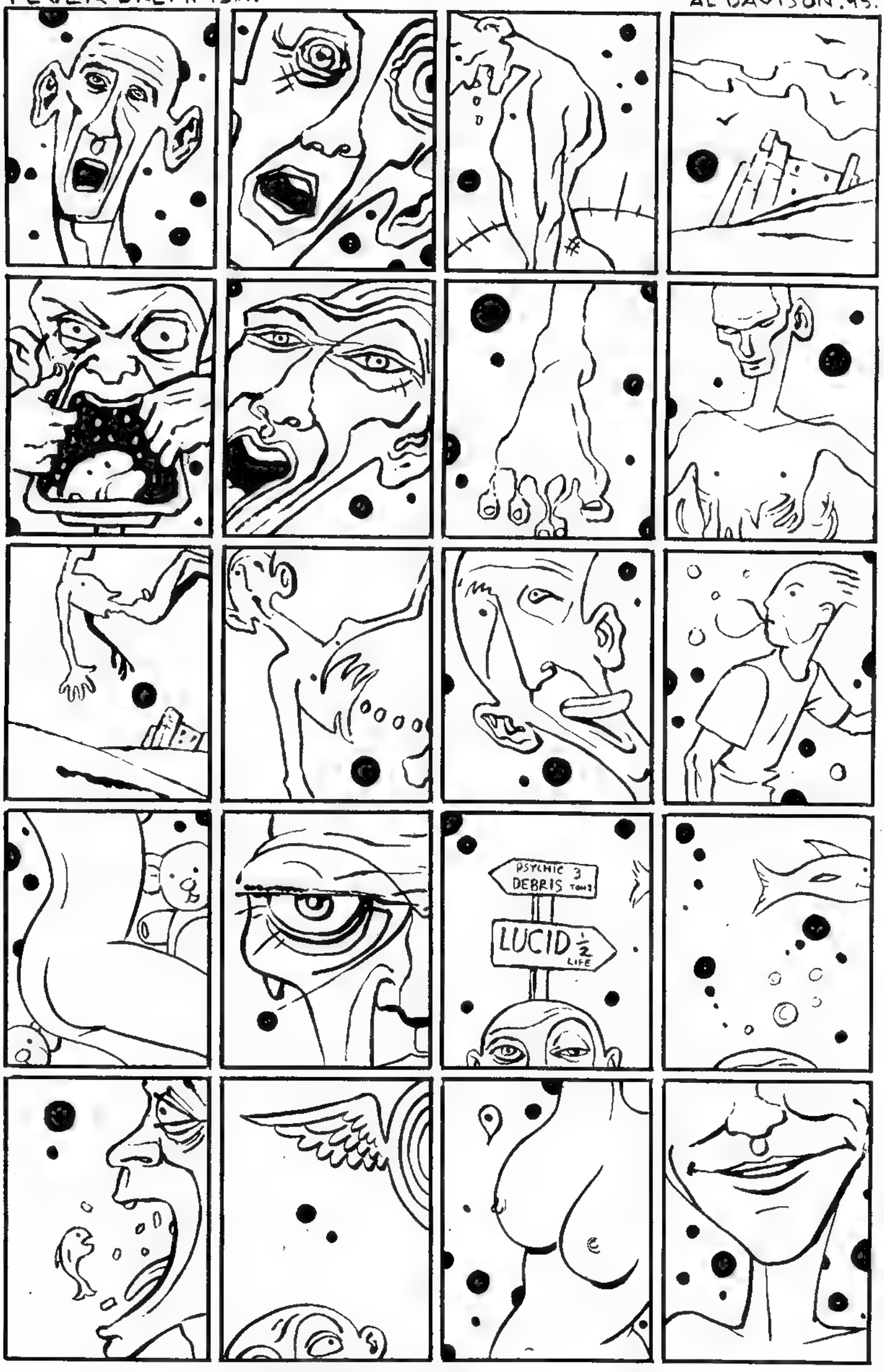

MUST'N'T FALL ASLEEP... THIS ISN'T MY BED... I'M ON THE LEDGE...

YOU'RE...
OK.
HONEY IT'S JUST A...
BAD DREAM...
WAKE UP...
THAT'S NOT MAGGIE!
THAT'S HIS VOICE!
WAKE UP!!...

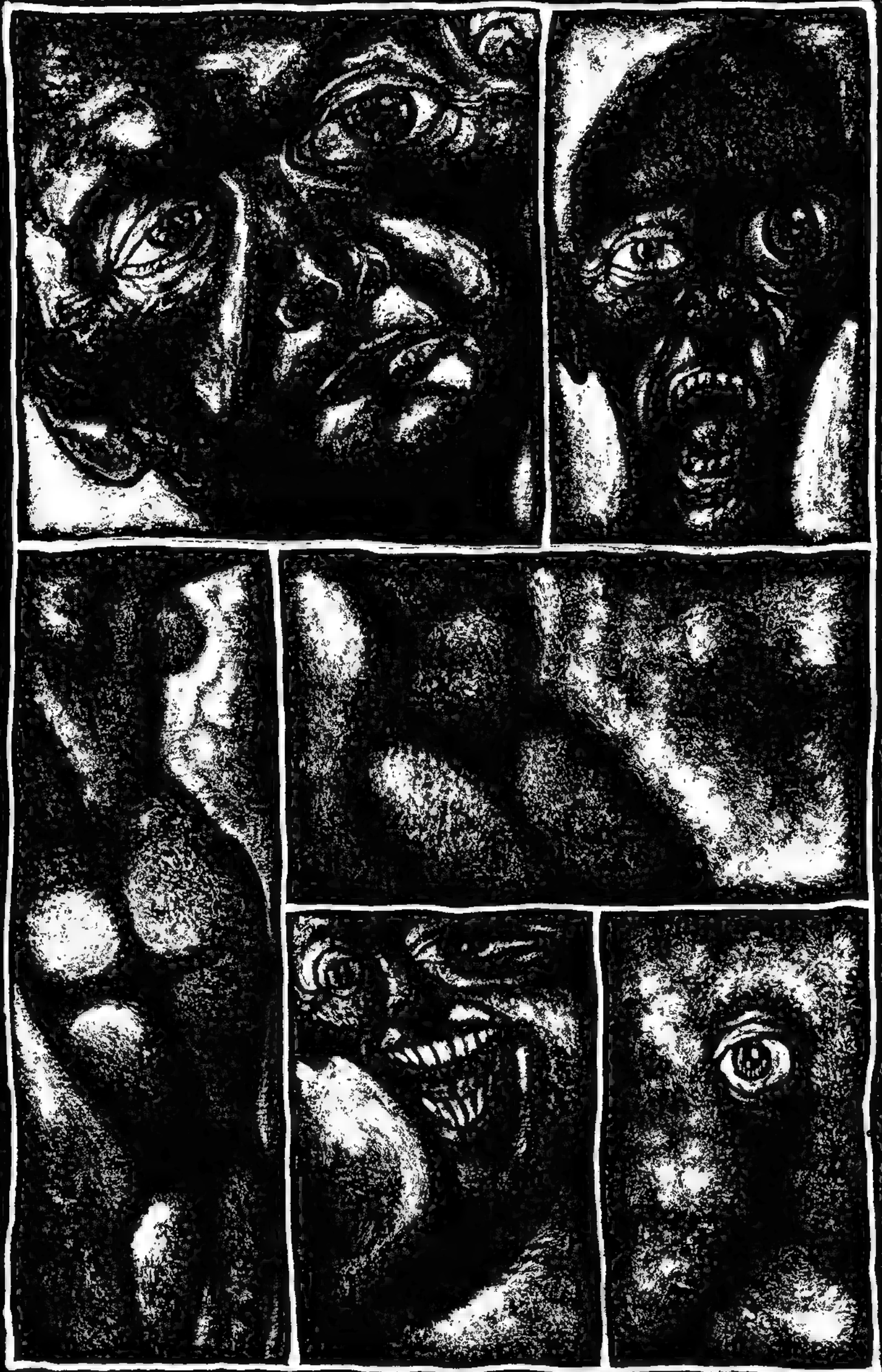
G: COUGH!
FIN.

FEVER DREAMS...

AL DAVISON.95.



FEVER DREAM... KIDNEY INFECTION...



1995

AL DAVISON

THIS IS ANOTHER RECURRING DREAM FROM MY CHILDHOOD. IT STARTED WHEN I WAS ABOUT 7, AND CONTINUED UNTIL I WAS 11. IT PARTLY REFLECTS MY AWARENESS OF MY NANA'S (MY FATHER'S MOTHER) DISLIKE OF ME AND MY SISTER, BECAUSE OF OUR DISABILITY. IT'S MIXED WITH MY FIRST 'WET DREAM' FANTASIZING ABOUT THE GIRL NEXT DOOR... I REMEMBER MOST OF MY CHILDHOOD DREAMS.

SEE..

PRETTY.

NOW YOU GOT TO SHOW ME YOURS

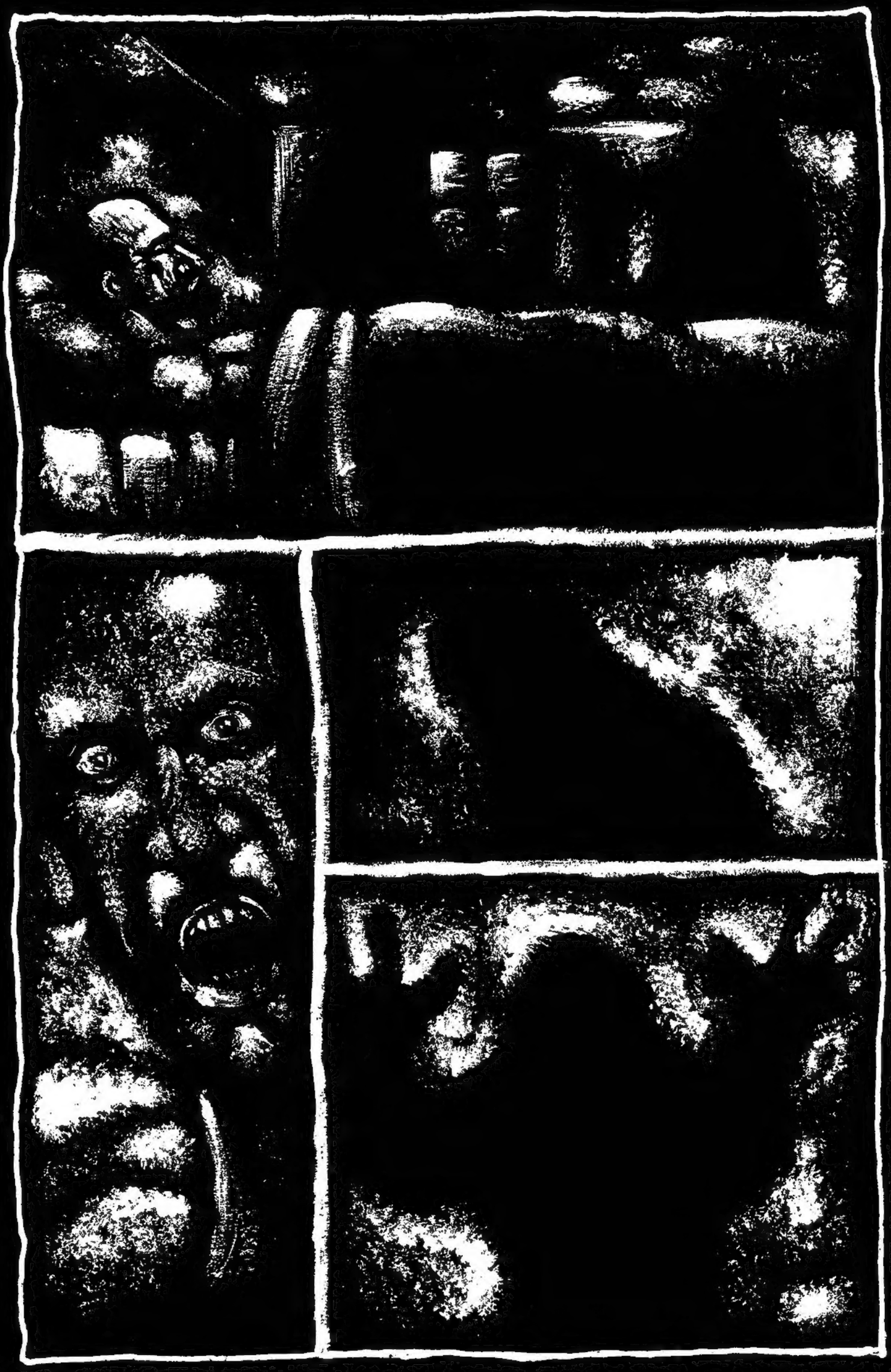
OK... MY NANNA BAKES.... BABIES!

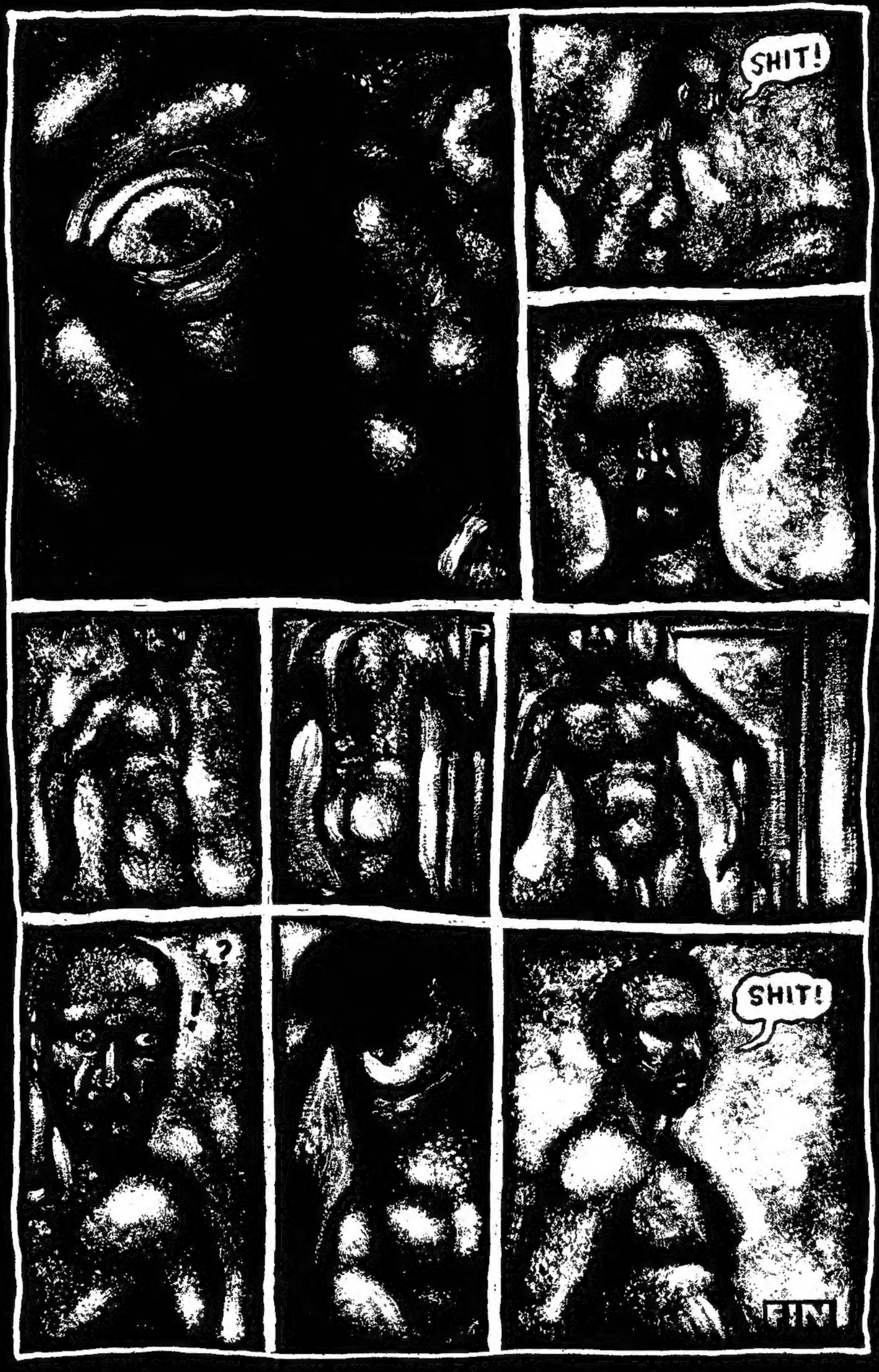
I KNOW... YOU KNOW THAT THEY TURN INTO GINGER BREAD MEN WHEN THEY COME OUT OF THE OVEN...
YES!

YOU GOT A HAIR..
MY FIRST.

I SHAVE MINE OFF AND KEEP THEM IN A JAR... WITH MY CANDY WRAPPERS...
YOU GOT A SCAR ON YOUR BACK..
CAN I TOUCH IT.

YES
EVIL...
EVIL....
EVIL...
NO... NANNA..
I'M NOT.
HUNGRY




SHIT!
SHIT!
FIN

PSYCHO-ACTIVE-WEAR!

TELL 'EM WHERE TO GO

(AND WHAT TO READ WHEN THEY GET THERE!)

100% COTTON PRE-SHRUNK BEEFY-T'S FOR YEARS OF GUERRILLA ART FUN!

HMMM.

I VUNDER VAT HE MEANS BY ZAT?

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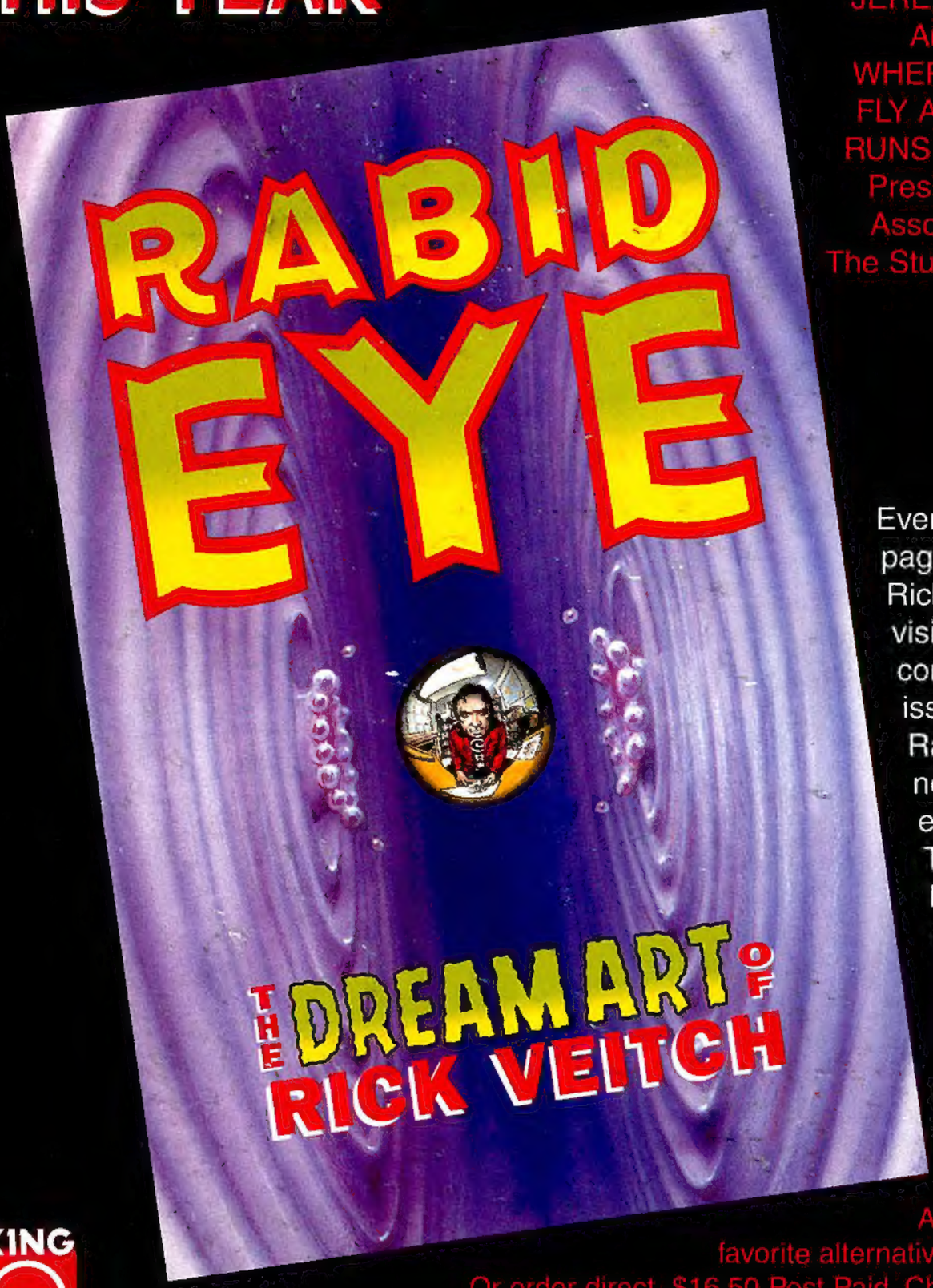
JEREMY TAYLOR
Author of
WHERE PEOPLE FLY AND WATER RUNS UPHILL and
President of the Association For The Study Of Dreams



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KING HELL

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